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Stabbed in the Back!

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland.

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Verily, Verily, the Difference Between a Square Meal and a War Portion—the Difference Between German Opera and Music—Were Not More Vast Than the Difference Between the Woman to Whom a Husband Cometh In at 5.30 and the Woman With Whom He Goeth Out at 7.30.

HEAR now, My Daughter, the pathetic plaint of a Husband, which every married man uttereth, in his secret heart:

"Verily, verily," saith the Husband, "what a marvellous thing is woman! How mysterious are all her ways! How full of guile and strange surprises!"

"For WHAT husband knoweth his own Wife, in all her variations?"

"Lo, her transformations are more sudden than a thunder shower, and more astonishing than the bill at the end of a war dinner!"

"Behold, who is this that cometh clattering, in heel-less 'mules,' to greet me, when I return from the day's labors?"

"Who is this that fluttereth into mine arms—a shapeless bundle of kimono, tied together with a silken cord?"

"Who is this that lifteth pale, half-smiling lips and drowsy eyes to mine own, saying:

"'Sthat you, John? My goodness! How late is it?"

"Who is this that appeareth in a halo of 'magic curls,' camouflaged with a last Christmas boudoir cap, while she hastily removeth the 'beauty cream' from an unpowdered nose and brow?"

"Lo, it is the Wife of my Bosom, arisen from her afternoon nap, BEFORE her struggle with nature!"

"And who is THIS that cometh radiantly forth from her boudoir, as the sun from behind a cloud, her cheeks rosy with the glow of 'youth,' her eyes sparkling as twin pools in the sunlight?"

"Who is this, that floateth toward me, with willowy waist and fluttering skirts and feet like silver butterflies and the fragrance of lilies in her wake?"

"Who is this that lifteth a snow white forehead, crowned with shining curls and glistening waves of hair?"

"Who is this that toucheth my coat sleeve with rosy fingers and openeth her coral lips, saying:

"'John, DON'T kiss me! You'll ruin my complexion!"

"Verily, verily, it is SHE, the Wife of my Bosom, AFTER her struggle with nature!"

"Behold, even her voice hath altered! For now she entereth the drawing room and her tongue drippeth notes of liquid silver. Yet, she speaketh in her 'telephone voice,' saying:

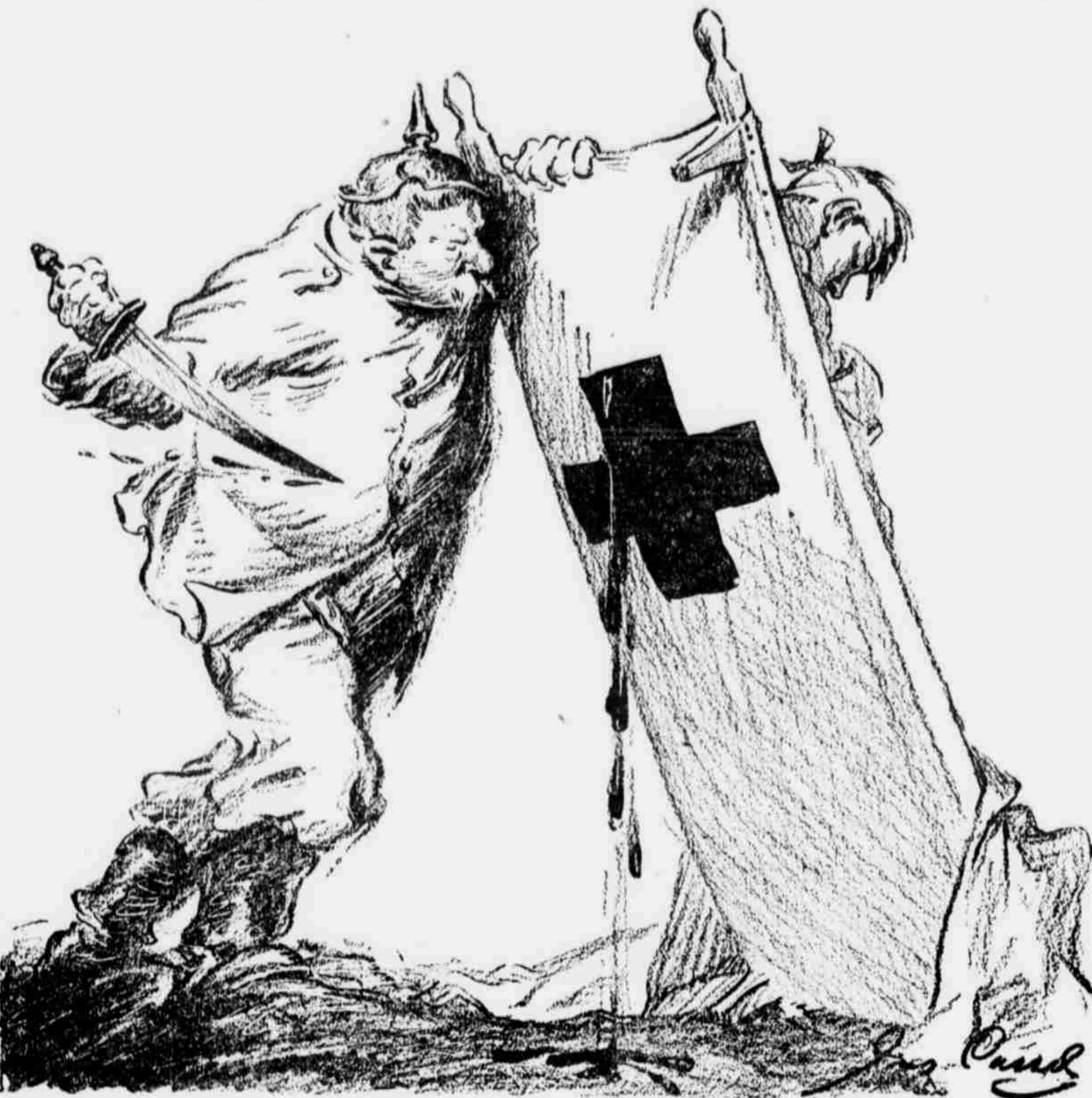
"'Oh, Mrs. Jones! How perfectly SWEET to see you!"

"Lo, night changeth into day and winter into summer; sinners reform and become deacons; wild bachelors are turned into tame husbands; youth passeth into old age; and the world of peace becometh a world of war!"

"But what are these wonders compared to the lightning transformations of a woman?"

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the difference between a square meal and a war portion, the difference between the North Pole and the Equator, the difference between German opera and music, were not more VAST than the difference between the woman to whom a husband cometh in at 5.30 and the woman with whom he goeth out at 7.30!"

Selah!



COMPULSORY VOTING.

FOR five years or more Mr. Thomas J. Spellisey, the present Democratic candidate for Governor of the State of Connecticut, has had introduced into the Legislature a bill providing for compulsory voting. It has as regularly been canned in committee by the Nutmeg guardians of the public welfare.

It is interesting to note that the Massachusetts Legislature has just passed to a third reading this kind of a measure. It is logical, ought to pass and become a nation-wide provision. Men who will not vote should not have the rights of citizenship or the protection of the laws. If we can have compulsory education in order to make good citizens, we should have compulsory voting to make them continue good citizens. We draft men for war to defend our liberties. There is a demand for universal military service. Universal voting, insisted upon by law, with punishment for failure to exercise the franchise, would do away with much corruption and bring about a wider and more definite interest in affairs, have a wholesome effect upon the election to public service, and above all improve the morals of the voter, who is now widely bribed throughout the country in the guise of fees to recompense him for his time.

It is a ghastly reproach upon the Americanism which goes so bravely and whole-heartedly to the sacrifice of war that we have this army of slacker citizens who will not protect themselves at the polls.

The more than overgrown draft dodgers who are seeking safety in matrimony should take Punch's advice: "Don't." Also it would be wise to remember that the country will be a land of the free just as long as it is the home of the brave—and no longer.

THE SUBWAY CRUX.

THE original zigzag subway was laid out with great skill to touch the high spots of New York and the best available territory for better class residences. Its engineering defects were obvious, but they pertained only to construction. There should have been pipe galleries and the stations ought not to have been located on curves. Aside from this it has been a marvellous business success and a wonderful public convenience.

For ten years it has built up a territory of people on the upper west side who desire to do business on the lower east side. The new system comes in abruptly and insists upon carrying upper west side people to the lower west side, where they do not want to go. Some unthinking idiot believed that a shuttle system between the east and the west would overcome the difficulty, apparently without ever having counted noses or knowing anything at all about the destinations of the travellers.

This is why there is confusion, complaint, discomfort and danger. The upper east side did not grow on the same lines and is therefore but lightly accommodated by the Lexington Avenue extension. In time the community will adjust itself.

Meanwhile a huge reproach lies against the Public Service Commission and the railroads.

As Mark Twain once justly observed: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nothing is done about it." Why doesn't the Government take charge of the climate and see that it is run properly. McAdoo can do it.

THE VANISHING FERRIES.

THE refusal of the city to subsidize the Houston Street Ferry marks another step in the disappearance of the big double-ended steamers from the East River. Bridges and tunnels out-compete with them and nothing but a subsidy would enable a ferry company to operate. This is unfortunate in more ways than one, because the shift in travel currents has spread as much desolation in city real estate values as the wanderings of a Western river. Water-front property is a drug. Fine residential and business sections have been turned into factory sites because convenient to subways and elevated roads.

New York has an abundant supply of deteriorated real estate. When once the excitement and necessities of war are past there should be established a firm civic movement for the betterment of our river shores in the way of transportation and utilization. That the backbone of the city should be overcrowded while its edges go to waste is an economic wrong. Moreover, the rivers should be used, not left empty and unweeded with the keels of traffic. Vast energy is now going into the construction of ocean shipping. When will there be a revival of river and harbor transportation commensurate with the possibilities?

The latest Zeppelin to visit England has left its remains behind. When the German coat of war is flung out and the amount spent on futilities of air and sea are computed, the bill will stagger humanity.

Letters From the People.

As Young America Feels About the Draft.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have just finished reading a letter you printed by a certain gentleman who signs himself Dr. A. Dr. A. brings home some good points. Being a younger man myself, I have no doubt that Dr. A. probably understands more of what it will mean to the country if they draft the eighteen, nineteen or twenty year old men, but I can safely reply to Dr. A. that he does not as yet understand the younger generation. There is more fighting blood in our young men to-day than there ever was before. Dr. A. seems to be worrying a good deal as to what the United States will turn out to be if she sends her young men away. Let Dr. A. think a minute and realize that if we do not go now and win a decisive victory in a short time what good will be the teachings of colleges or anything else?

Should College Boys Be Exempted?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
There recently appeared in your columns a letter by Dr. A. The writer was apparently opposed to the drafting of boys between eighteen and twenty-one. One point at issue was that the passage of Secretary Baker's bill would affect virtually all college students.
Should this bill be passed by Congress, as is very likely, with the condition that students be exempted from military service, there will probably be a great rush by all high school graduates and preparatory school students to enter college. Many of those who have already chosen a business career will probably leave their positions to continue their studies. Would this be a good thing for the Nation? Would the colleges be able to accommodate all these boys?

READER.

New York Girl Types You Know

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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NO. VIII.—THE HELLO GIRL

SHE holds all men in the hollow of her hand. Her slightest word is law to them. And her way is not modified by years nor ended by satiety. For she is the one girl of whom men never grow tired and with whom they never dare to be grouchy. Would not the company take their telephones away from them if even one tiny damn escapes their lips?

Women, too, submit to her dominion. How they hover about her when once they have discovered her sequestered nook in the lobby of some big hotel.

Men and women alike are ruled by the Hello Girl—the only absolute monarch left alive since the heart of Nicholas Romanoff stopped the bullets of the Bolsheviks.

Now and then Bolsheviks arise in New York and plot to overthrow her firm, though gentle, tyranny. But all in vain! The bravest conspirator must quail if he gets the busy signal eighteen times, and knows that only the natural compassion of the female sex will prevent him from getting it forever.

Some women establish dominion through beauty, others through brains or charm or magnetism. The Hello Girl may have all these attributes, but she does not need any of them. Though she have the eye of a hippopotamus and the figure of a pelican, yet must all men pass under her ageless yoke.

Time cannot wither her. Even Cleopatra took to disappointment and the asp when Octavius Caesar put on a gas mask and so saved himself from her baleful charm. And all during this super-stress of her career she had to resort to trickery to accomplish her ends. We know that she had herself rolled up in a carpet and carried before Julius Caesar that he might see and succumb. What hello girl would so demean herself?

Indeed, she does not have to resort to the practice of such effronteries. She sits proudly at her switchboard and all men come to her—yes, and all women do her reverence.

Why is it one never sees an old looking hello girl? The telephone operator is not supposed to be able to bid time stand still, but she certainly succeeds in doing it. I know

women who have ruled over the same switchboards for a score of years, but, except for their astounding efficiency, they might be junior operators.

About this time some reader is beginning to get mad. He is thinking doubtless of the time he was told that the Grand Central Station did not answer or that the City Hall telephone had been discontinued for the summer.

Let me assure him that I too have torn my hair and ground my teeth and plotted destruction to some hello girl. But the dull operator is so rare, and her dullness is a willing and patient dullness. One rages at her, one writes long, bitter letters to the company about her, saying that it would have been quicker to walk than to telephone to Communipaw. Then one reads the letter over, wonders if it really took eighteen minutes by the clock to telephone, thinks that the poor girl will lose her job and may be the sole support of a widowed mother, and with much satisfaction, tears the letter up.

How trim the telephone operator is! Her monetary reward is not great, but her white shirtwaist is always immaculate and well pulled in at the belt. I have never seen her dowdy or dishevelled. Her complexion is sometimes highly improbable, yet I believe she makes up less than any other group of women in New York.

Mystery surrounds the cloistered girls of the company exchanges. It is in the hotels and apartment houses that one may observe the hello girl closely and at leisure. To be sure a woman has hard work edging her way through the hordes of admiring males who may really want to telephone, though, somehow, I never quite believe it. Her quick upward glance takes in your difficulty at once. Suddenly the men become invisible to her. "Number, please," she asks, smiling into your anxious face and holding up all their numbers without a qualm. For what are they? Just men—simple, easy creatures who have sworn about her ever since her first switchboard. But you are a woman, a being endowed with reason like herself, a person to placate and with whom one may exchange a swift, superior smile. I don't know how many of these swift, sisterly smiles I have received from the

queens of the switchboard—hundreds certainly.

"How tiresome these men are," the smile seems to say. "It does not make any difference how long I keep them waiting, but you are a woman. You see through me and I see through you. And heaven! how we both see through them. And just for that you shall have your number at once."

What knowledge of life speaks in that swift smile? What secrets lurk in that little head? Glad tidings of births, tender messages of young love, whispered assignations of intrigue, the dread announcements of death—all are just a part of her day's work to her. No other woman has her sources of information, and if one of the operators of the New York hotels should write a book what a wonderful story it might be.

Yet, through it all, the hello girl is not cynical. She goes to "glad" plays, admires Pollyanna, reads syrupy love stories, yearns over a baby, talks clothes and hats, and expects some day to meet "the right man" and live happily ever after.

I pray she does.

Making the Most of Our Children
A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A.
President of the Parents' Association

"S HALL I give reasons to my child?" The typical question, "Do you believe in giving reasons?" is answered, of course, in the affirmative. You must discriminate, however, as to the proper time and circumstances for the giving of reasons. Reason-



ing with your child, considered from the standpoint of mental development, when discipline is not involved, is always to be encouraged, yet many children are badly spoiled by parents who are forever giving reasons.

"Is it natural for my little boy," asks one mother, "to want to know my reasons for commands? And will giving him reasons encourage the 'Why' habit?"

There is a big difference between giving a reason while an act of obedience is pending and giving the reason some time after the act of obedience, the latter being preferable as a regular policy. If you care to state a reason before the act, you should state it before issuing your command. For example, suggest in a confidential way that you are having a little trouble in hearing the Victoria

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"WHO is that pale, quiet man that lives on the second floor of this house?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Is it the man whose wife wears that check tailor-made suit with the narrow black braid so much, the woman with the auburn hair in Gretchen coils over her ears and who always wears oxford ties with black silk stockings, generally with a 'run' in them?" questioned Mrs. Jarr in turn.

"I've never seen her run in silk stockings; in fact, I've never seen him with any red-headed woman," began Mr. Jarr.

"I didn't ask you who had seen him with," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "Men aren't seen with their own wives much these days. But that's Mrs. Tullington, and the Tullingtons are very refined people. What's the man done now?"

"He must be an automobile demonstrator and a very reckless driver," replied Mr. Jarr.

"He's got his arm in a sling. A few weeks ago he had his leg all scratched. And before that he had a terrible mark over his eye."

"He may be a prize fighter," said Mrs. Jarr. "There are refined prize fighters, aren't there? I suppose it's foolish to ask such a question, though."

"Oh, there are lots of refined prize fighters," said Mr. Jarr. "But they don't get themselves marked up. Besides, this man looks a little too pale and harassed to be a fist champion."

"Oh, if he were a prize fighter you'd know him well enough," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Maybe he hurts himself taking physical exercise, because I often hear him bumping and rolling around and wheezing like often for the longest time. And you can hear the furniture being shoved about when you listen at the air-shaft. But he is refined, for I never hear him swear or raise his voice."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr. "How could a man get all marked up that way, taking physical exercises?"

"That shows all you know!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver has been 'rolling' to take her fat off, and twice she's bumped into a rocking chair and made her nose bleed, and once she rolled against a claw-foot table and made a bruise on her back as big as a dinner plate, and when she rose up she bumped her head underneath the table; and not having her hair on, she raised such a bump on her head that when she went out her maid didn't need to put her switch on at all. But she had to wear a theatre bonnet because her big hat wouldn't stay on by reason of her not being able to use hatpins through the bump."

"Oh, don't laugh! Rolling is grand to take the fat off. In the Highcosta Arms, where Clara Mudridge-Smith lives, the women have rolling parties down the wide corridor, and Mrs. Diggett, wife of a rich Nevada mine owner, whom she is separated from, came very near being killed on account of the elevator boy leaving the door of the elevator shaft open, and only Mrs. Diggett was so fat she wedged in the door she would have gone down nine stories and perhaps gotten badly injured."

"It must be a fine sight to encounter the rolling parties in the Highcosta Arms corridors," said Mr. Jarr.

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